

er-World British

aurice Dolbier in his book review today, are really y when it comes to writing science-fiction. As an ex-Goeffreg Hoyle's "Fifth Planet." See page 25.

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Insurance Committee Counsel

Condon's Son on Payroll

CIA RENDEZVOUS AT NOON

By Barrett McGurn
Of The Herald Tribune Staff

The listing of the day's events on the bulletin board in the lobby of the Hotel Commodore carried all the usual businessmen conventions and private parties.

But the listing yesterday for Room 115 was far from run of the mill. It said:

"Luncheon meeting, 12 noon, Central Intelligence Agency."

The waiter fussing over the bowls of grated cheese on his serving wagon in the corridor had no objection when the reporter poked his way into Room 115 at 11:45 a. m. How does a CIA rendezvous look? Just like any other private dining room in the Commodore. A roll at every place. Water glasses already filled. Napkins neatly folded on the gleaming white cloth.

The twenty guests began to arrive. None wore cloaks. They hung up hats and coats. None had daggers. They were just the same sort of plump, bright folk you would expect at a meeting of college and university officials. In fact that is what they were. Out of the first four to arrive, Fordham led Hunter by three to one.

JOKING

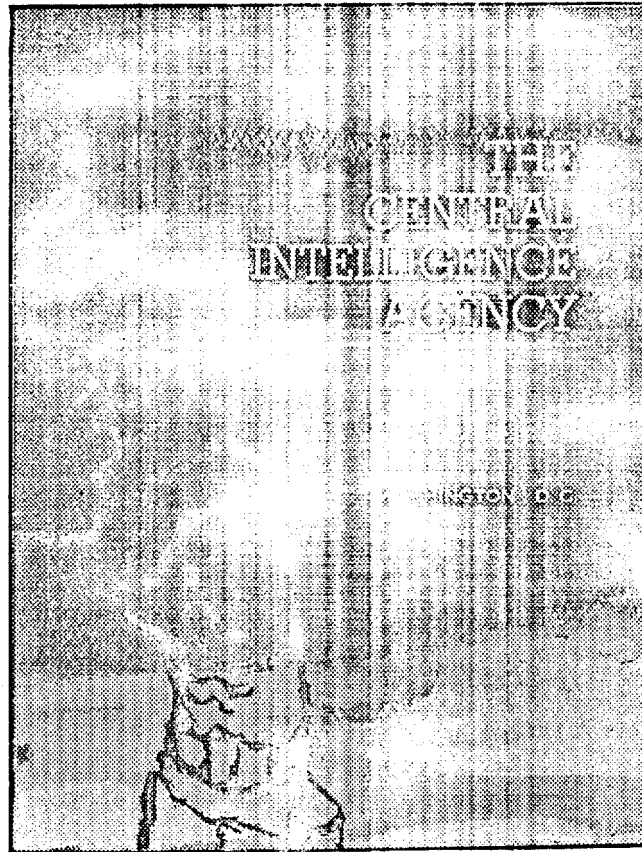
It was ninety seconds to noon.

"I thought the CIA was always on time," said one.

"Maybe under the table," suggested another. "Maybe at noon he'll come out!"

He pointed at the clock, the clock reaching to the floor.

At 12:02 Max Wiecks ar-



rived—through the door. He is the CIA recruitment officer for New York City. Mr. Wiecks was startled to find the press covering. Promptly he recovered, however.

"We of the CIA have many overt activities," he said, explaining the appointments liberally distributed through the lobby and first floor of

the Commodore. "We have our personnel recruitment activities. Here's a booklet on it. You can have one."

The booklet, with a handsome cover in yellows, reds, browns, violet and white, featured a sketch of a rugged, bearded man with a jaw on hand in the traditional portrayal of thought. Inside the

document, as slick and nicely turned out as any used by the great corporations, the reader found heavy emphasis on the scholarly, even contemplative, atmosphere inside CIA laboratories. The message was simple: The CIA needs many students of economics, geography, map making, politics, history and anthropology, the whole range of sciences and arts by which one people can know another and each generation can seek to look into the future.

There was an address for graduate students and undergraduates interested in applying: 2430 E. St. W., Washington 20505.

SERIOUS

"Now don't treat this as a joke," Mr. Wiecks counseled the reporter. "Remember the enemy can profit by that!"

No one doubted the seriousness but the college people waiting for lunch shared the reporter's astonishment that a CIA meeting should be on with such scant reticence.

"Why, until now, when our students came back from a CIA interview they weren't even allowed to talk about it," said one.

"And the way they're always checking up, like 'what do you remember about a student you had in 1929?'," puzzled another.

One thing, anyway, was secret. The CIA wants top grade college personnel and can offer a career enduring as far ahead as the nation can see. The college placement officers were interested.